1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

a miserable ten—none of your 'some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold'—while lucerne only gives three crops. 243

The Hunzukuts' main food is bread, of which the housewife makes a large variety, from the leavened wheatened cake with butter for feast days, the unleavened flapjack of wheat, barley or blended flours for everyday, to the bitter buckwheat scones of leaner times. Milk is not an article of diet; the animals yield little at the best and none at all when their own offspring is weaned. Such milk as there is contains little fat content, which is not to be wondered at in view of the food on which the animals exist; it is converted into butter, curds and such preservable forms. Butter is stored in birch-bark wrappings beneath an adjacent water-channel and broached only on festive occasions or for the entertainment of a guest. Meat is tasted at most twice or three times a year, at festivals or on some day of domestic rejoicing, a wedding or a birth, and then it will be 'some tainted wether of the flock, meetest for death' who supplies the sacrifice. 262 234

The womenfolk tend small vegetable plots in the corner of a field or separate garden, where carrots, turnips, marrows, gourds and half a hundred kinds of humble 'greens' are grown, and a few plants whose leaves or seeds are esteemed for flavouring, along with a few tobacco plants for the men's pipes. After grain and greens, the essential item of Hunza diet is the apricot, fresh in the early summer and dried during the rest of the year; mulberries, fresh and dried, come next in importance, then a few apples, pears and peaches (these little valued because they will neither keep nor dry) and a few grapes for such relatively well-to-do houses as can afford space and water to grow them. Grapes ripen too late to be dried into raisins and the small quantity not consumed fresh is converted into light wine, brightening the winter days for those who have it, and drunk within a couple of months of manufacture. The apricot has yet further uses. Its kernel yields the oil which lights very modestly the winter nights. The Burusho woman is said to refuse, most wisely, to live above the level of the ripe apricot (say 9–10,000 feet). This is, I suspect only a base pretext of her husband's for refusing to live at these altitudes himself. Be that as it may, the upper villages of Hunza are almost exclusively inhabited by immigrants from Wakhan accustomed to a treeless existence and a diet of barley only. Grafting fruit trees is an art thoroughly understood. The above-mentioned fruits supply the only sugar which the Hunza people know. 244 262 245 [273] [354] 361 245

Despite all diligence in tilling the ungrateful soil, despite the utmost 262

yeast and cooked on a griddle, like small, thin pancakes. Zaidu made them as of course, since they are the normal local food, and we had a few fresh for every meal (they are horrid stale). Their great merit is that they can be eaten without butter or jam. This was a great advantage, for butter was a problem. The tinned butter we brought with us for the road all went bad—you could not blame it in that heat—and butter in our sense of the word is unknown in Hunza.

There was fortunately a little cow's milk to be had, but the cows get so little to eat that their milk has not much butter-content. A really good Hunza cow yields at most a quart of milk a day after she has fed her calf, and she only gives milk at all for a month or two after the calf is born. So milk is no part of the regular local diet. The people normally milk into a gourd, which makes an excellent jug, but has the drawback that there is no ready way of cleaning it. Where fuel is so scarce no one could boil water merely to scald milk-vessels, and the method is to hold the gourd over the smoke of the fire. This seems to be perfectly wholesome, but it gives a gruesome taste to the milk, already sufficiently tainted with memories of yesterday, last week, last year. So we would send one of our people with a clean aluminium bucket and get the cow milked straight into that. In this way we procured as much as we needed for tea and coffee and puddings, but of course not enough to make butter from, as we had been accustomed to do in Gilgit. Fresh butter proved to be an unattainable luxury. The local butter, which they call *maltash*, is much prized; there is so little of it that it is kept strictly for feast days and great occasions. Their chief chance of making it is from the goats' milk when the men have the animals up at the summer pastures. They make it day by day, a little at a time, and when they have collected about two pounds they shape it into a ball, wrap it in birch-bark, tie it up with strips torn from the roots of juniper, and then bring it home to store. With luck one good she-goat will provide two balls of *maltash* per season. It is then stored in a tiny stone larder under the nearest water-channel to keep it damp and cool, and thence produced when wanted. Even when quite fresh it tastes very

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

"high" from the unwashed smoky gourds, and it gets more and more tasty the longer it is kept. The tastier it grows the more they value it, "nice and peppery" they say. But the taste for *maltash* must be acquired, and it was too late for us to acquire it.

When Dádo was going off for his few days' leave, his last words were: "I'll bring you back some nice fresh butter; I'll bring enough for a month; it shall be my gift, and you shall be my guests." He was only away two days, and he must have drained all the cows in the countryside and kept his womenfolk busy all the time, for he brought a glass bottle full of really lovely looking, clean butter—that was, alas! already thoroughly rancid. "I had new vessels, and I didn't let them use gourds, and I got it made your way," he boasted. It was really tragic. We had to eat a little for a day or two, not to hurt his feelings; but it nearly made us sick. The pantry stank of it, and the dining-room stank of it, and the stink was steadily creeping into the study! Then I had to break it to him that though his butter was beautifully clean and perfectly lovely, we ate so little at a time that it could not keep in this heat, and so he must please take it away and store it as *maltash* for his family. A few days later he brought just a couple of ounces, made as nearly European-wise as possible, and David was just able to eat it smothered under marmalade for a couple of days. We then pleaded for only an ounce or two now and again, and gave Dádo some salt to blend into it. I renounced my share of this luxury with pleasure (I really could not eat it), but David, who has had longer practice in non-faddiness, could manage a little and even preferred it to eternal dry bread.

Dádo would not hear of payment; but at last I persuaded him, since this exotic butter-making must give trouble to his people and deprive them of *maltash*, to allow me to pay him three rupees a month or so—"for the baby boy." He adored the little boy—a rather ugly mite of about eighteen months whom he brought from time to time to show us—and he ultimately accepted this compromise and solemnly took "Akíl Sháh's butter-money" with his own wages. No payment, however, could repay the goodwill and kind thought that he used to put into procuring butter for us before it had become

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

expected to reply: "It is God's will. Accidents will happen. After all, they are beasts of the mountain and the wild." He is reckoned a churlish fellow who institutes enquiries and demands compensation, though no one denies his right to it. The liberty to indulge in an occasional free feed is, we understood, sparingly taken and not abused.

With luck a she-goat will yield enough milk while up on the summer pastures to make two *maltash*, i.e. two birch bark parcels of butter for storage. If the goat is a trustee goat the herd is expected to hand one *maltash* to her owner and to keep the balance as his fee. Sheep's milk is poor in fat content and yields little butter, so it is usually devoted to making *brús* and *rakhpin*, a kind of hard, dried curd which has great lasting qualities and the appearance of a cake of soap.

The day that the herds return from the mountain with their charges is a festive one for the villages. Large parties go out to meet the returning absentees. Before finally leaving the *tér*, driven down by cold and the advancing autumn snows, the herds bake some special little cakes to bring back with them, and crowds of dancing, shouting boys and girls fall on their elder brothers demanding their share. Trust the Hunzukuts to stage a festival on the slightest provocation.

Our Ernest of the white horse reappeared unexpectedly from the *tér* in the middle of the season and walked over from Hasanabad to call on us and bring an offering of *brús* for DL and of wild mountain flowers for me. He had given his animals into a friend's charge, and taken a couple of days off because he was a member of the Hasanabad polo team and was wanted to play in an inter-village match. These matches rouse as much interest as Arsenal *versus* Chelsea, and a good player who is also the possessor of a good pony can ill be spared. I duly took a photo of him and The Cat, he no longer in the rôle of the humble *sais* but of the gentleman polo player. Stout fellow!

These early June days were the time for apricot and mulberry grafting. The cultivated fruit shoots are grafted on to wild trees. We watched the process, about which the Hunzukuts have little to learn. Each graft was given a double lashing of bark from mulberry root. We returned later and found them all thriving.

3: Lorimer L-3 (1929-4, 1934-8) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

241 brought together, the following are the principal crops grown in Hunza and Nagir: wheat, barley, two or three kinds of millet, buckwheat, broad beans, peas and various pulses, lucerne (yielding two crops) for fodder. Maize and rice are not grown at these levels[1]. Lucerne is often grown on the sloping unterraced hillside where water is insufficient for crops. Fruit is also an important item of cultivation. The apricot is universal, and fresh and dry the fruit is a staple food. Besides its kernels are collected and eaten, or crushed for their oil. Apples, peaches, cherries, cherry-plums and grapes are also extensively grown, but do not appear to be dried, though apples and grapes are stored in straw for some months. Pears, pomegranates and walnuts are cultivated in places. The mulberry is eaten fresh and is also dried and preserved. Poplars and willows are grown for their timber, and in the lower tracts the chenar.

233 237 Agricultural crops and fruit would not however provide a complete subsistence. Goats, sheep and a small type of cow supply the necessary milk and fat products, particularly ghee, also hair for ropes and coarse cloth, wool for clothing, skins and hides for containing vessels, foot-wear and thongs. These cattle are kept in the villages during the cool and cold weather, when they are fed on such scanty natural grazing as is to be found, agricultural waste and dried leaves, and pay their way by providing milk and manure. During the hot months they are sent up in charge of herds to the few summer grazing-grounds (tör, pl. törming; terr, termiŋ), which exist in the higher 234 parts of some of the nullahs. There their milk is collected and converted into forms in which it will keep: ghee, dried buttermilk etc.

361 133 [1] I.e. from about 7000′ upwards. Chhalt, the lowest village in the country, stands at 6560′. Māyūn and Hindi are probably about 7000′ and Aliābād about 7500′. Baltit is 8000′ and Nagir 7550′. Minglr, the highest place at which the Burusho have been induced to live, is 10,158′. It is said that the Burusho women refuse to go where the apricot will not ripen, and there are few Burusho settled above 8000′. In Chapūrsan and Shimshāl the Wakhis are found up to about 11,000′, which is probably the extreme limit at which barley will grow in this region. In recent years a little maize has been grown in Māyūn, Murtazābād and Ganish.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1929–4; 1934–8) 1936 AVT Burusho AVT

No. XXXVII.

The Odi Custom.

On the fifteenth of May they take away the Hunza flocks to the grazing grounds. When four days remain to the (time for) taking them away the Cherbu calls out: "Ho, tomorrow the Odi is to be kept. Do not milk your goats for yourselves!"

Then the Dirkmiting milk their goats and collect the milk and every day they bring two or three pumpkin-vessels (full) to the Wazir's house. They boil the milk and making a Dirkmiting herdsman carry it and some bread, in company with a brother or son of the Wazir they take it to get the Thum to handsel it. They take it to the Thum's house and get him to say "Bismillah" and taste it.

After that they bring the Odi milk of Ganish, of Altit, and of the New Settlements to the Thum.

For four days the Dirkmiting milk their goats and collect the milk at the house of the Wazir and make four or five vessels of

---

goats", but the sense and a gloss make it 'don't milk your goats for yourselves'.

The alternative given in the first note above is even more indefinite: 'let none of you milk goats!'

4 *ṭsire mamu gaṭi ḍes no* — This appears to be an attempt to telescope *ṭsir ḍes no* and *mamu gaṭi no*. But possibly it means "milking their goats all together".

4 *ilike cwiv* — *ilike* appears to be *°-il* + *ke* 'on his lip', *cwiv* is the causative of *ṭsi* 'to make him put' v § 248.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

butter milk and carry the butter and buttermilk away from the Wazir's house to the Tham. Then the Tham gives them some present and they return to their homes. After that the Dirămiting take away their flocks to the grazing grounds.

If any people take their flocks to the grazing grounds before the Odi they fine them a ram.

inɐ bɐr ɛčai.i kɐ . . . just have a look at P. (and see) what he is doing. 126.7. *uɐ ʌltʌn sis . . . nuɐn bərɐribaɐn. Bərɐ.imʌn kɐ šuɐ ɛpʌčər ɣʌšil bitsa* The two men go and look. When they look (they see that) he has excellent firewood with him. 126.9. *bərɐ.imi kɐ* is a stock phrase: "when he looks (he sees) something is happening . . ." i.e. "he looks and sees something is happening". *hik kɐ bʌrɐɣʌn* let us have another look. 122.18. *iɐn yər nupərʌn . . . gutsərčai* he proceeds, looking straight ahead. 122.17, Cp. 14.4. *iɐŋi.uɐlo kərɯɐr bərˈenɯmo* she looked in his beard for lice. 282.10. *yaɐɐ apˈərʌnuɯm* not looking down. 52.2. Cs. -°*ʌbərʌnʌs*.

bərˈenč watching, look out, H. ɾntɪzaɐ. — *bərɐnč nɐ baei*, he is keeping a look out. *pfu bərˈenč* (*stʌs*) pl. *pfu bəraŋ* to kindle) an alarm fire, beacon fire. (From *bərɐnʌs*).

bərˈɐs, baɐrˈɐs, Pl. *bərˈɐšo*, N. *bʌrɪs*, Pl. *bʌrɪšo*, x artery, vein, pulse. — *bərɐs buɐt hɯmʌlkɯm bi* his pulse is very quick. *ja jiɐ bˈərɐsər bərˈɐn* examine my life's artery, i.e. feel my pulse. 146.19.

bˈərginʌs, pl. *bərginʌšo* x.

1. Edging round rim of anything.
2. A small piece of wood, charcoal etc. used in repairing a hole in a "mashk"[1]. The skin adjoining the hole is gathered together round the *bərginʌs* and is secured with ligatures above and below the latter.
3. A stick used when producing ghee to test whether the milk has become sufficiently solid. The stick is placed vertically in it, and if

000

415

234

71a

[1] [a skin bag for carrying water. — Analyst]

it stands up by itself the milk is ready for the next process. 234

ərinkrǰ IUB. 000

1. Chatter-box, buckstick, H. *bakwaʷsi*.
2. Tale-bearer, calumniator, H. *suxan-čiʷn*.
3. Liar, H. *duruʷgu*. (Pl. of 1. *bər* + *krǰ*).

bərkat.

1. Blessing, blessings, prosperity. — *maʷr bərkat* blessings on you! 340.20. *goʷr bərkat manič* blessings be on you! 286.4.
2. Portion, share. — *dyuʷasuman uʷŋər bərkat* (the food) that is left over be your portion. 212.14. Ar. Prs.

bərpiʷt, -iŋ y leather strap. — *oʷǰčumə bərpiʷt* leather waist-belt. *bərpiʷtaṇə taq goʷta baiyam* I had bound you (sc. your head) with a leather strap. 158.16. (Cp. Sh. *pfarpiʷt*).

bərtsil, -iŋ a small stream in a nullah. — *furu.ulum dele bərtsilaŋ duwaštimi* streams of oil flowed from the pumpkin, H. *nalə nalə*. 384.24. (2. *bər* + *tsil*?).

bəru, *bəruˌ*_y pl., double pl. *bəroiŋ*. buckwheat. — *yaʷqay bəru* bitter buckwheat. 132.15. (Cp. Sh. *bərə.o*).

bəruh'andri -iŋ y cranesbill (plant).

bərtan manaš v.i. to turn over (as of fish in water. H. *tarapna*.

bəš, -oʷŋo x ploughshare (wooden, for shallow ploughing). — *čumaʷr bəš* modern iron ploughshare. IUB. H. *halmē lagā.i ka lakṛi, phal aʷhini ya hiʷrmi*.

bəš, v. *bəšk*, extra, too much. 50.16.

b'əsa pl. *bəsaŋ*, N. *bəsamiŋ*, y halting for night, halting-place, stage, day's march, H, *manril*. — *beʷruman bəsa bila*? how many days' march is it?

311 were a few valleys where a bit of pasture might have been established or used, they just couldn't afford to waste acres for pasture purposes.

234 I did not see any cheese—that is, cheese as we know it—in Hunza, but I maintain that their stored butter is cheese. I knew from what I had read and learned that they have a most unusual method of storing their butter, and one day the Mir sent one of his servants out to bring some in. In a few minutes the servant returned, carrying on a tray a huge bundle that looked like and was slightly larger than a football. He placed it in front of me and told me to go ahead and unwrap it, which I did. It was neatly and firmly wrapped in birchbark and when I removed layer after layer of wet, dripping bark, I at last came to the so-called butter. It was gleaming pure white. A knife was handed to me and I dug a little piece out of the side and tasted it. It was absolutely delicious. It had a fresh wholesome flavor. I thought it was cheese and that is what I really believe it is.

234 Their method of making this butter is as follows: Goat, sheep, cow or yak milk is used. Their method of churning butter is strictly Eastern. They do not use wooden or metal churns as they are found and known in the West. Usually goat skins are used. They are turned inside out so that the smooth, tanned side is outside. Then the ends of the hide are carefully sewn together. Openings are allowed to remain by means of the legs, and these are used for filling the skin with the milk to be churned and later to extract the butter. While the churning is taking place, the leg openings are firmly tied.

Then the milk-filled hide is joggled, weedled, spanked, turned and twisted over the knees and this is maintained continually until some sort of solidification takes place. Just as with us, impatience and inquisitive-

ness become master and the shaking is stopped, while a peek is taken by untying a leg opening to see if the process is beginning. 234

When at last butter is formed, it is squeezed out of the skin churn and then they make firm round balls out of it. It is wrapped in birchbark, placed underneath a water channel and left there for months, or years as the case may be. One record through which I poured related that this butter was sometimes kept for 100 years. I found no verification of this from the citizens of Hunza. Perhaps in this instance the butter was forgotten and was discovered many years later, but it is kept for years and is usually brought out for special celebrations and other occasions. 234 251 [262]

Now you will hear the word "ghee" referred to on every hand when talking about food. This is the selfsame butter but heated to the melting point and allowed to harden. By then it turns into a bright yellow color. It is used as a spread but also for cooking, baking, frying and such. Most Hunzans prefer "ghee" over the plain ordinary butter. The Mir told me that he and his household all preferred it to butter. 234 262

So therefore, besides the fruit, nuts, grain and vegetable crops, they have curd, ghee, butter (cheese) and milk. Those who do eat meat would be lucky if they could afford to have it more than two or three times a year, but I understand meat is available for most festive occasions. 262

While in all probabilities they dry other types of fruit, I did not see any other dried fruits but apricots. On my travels throughout the country I saw thousands of trees and probably millions of apricots but I did not see one go to waste. Everywhere I went apricots were drying. They had been split open, the stone removed and stored and the fruit left for the sun and air to cure and dry 251